

A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

Dait Watty's Ramble to Carlisle
I was the Boy for bewitching 'em
Mary once had Lovers two
The little Farthing Rush-Light
Paddy O'Leary



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*Where may also be had, a large and curious Assortment
of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.*

Daft Watty's Ramble to Carlisle.

IF you ax where I come frae, I say, the Fell seyde,
Where fadder and mudder, and honest folk beyde,
And my sweetheart, O blefs her! she thought him
leyke me,
For when we shuik hands the tear gush'd frae her ee.
Says I, 'I mun e'en get a spot if I can,
But whatever beteyde me I'll think o' thee, Nan.'

Nan was a perfect beauty, wi' twee cheeks like eodlin
blossoms: the varra feet on her meade my mouth aw watter.
'Fares-te-weel, Watty!' says she; 'rou's a wag amang t'lasses,
and I'll see thee nae mair!—'Nay, dunnet gowl, Nan! says I,
'For, happen, ere lang, I's be maister mysel;'
Sae we buis'd, and I tuik a last luik at the Feil.

On I whusled and wonder'd—my bundle I flung
Owre my shou'd'r, when Cwoley he after me sprang,
And howl'd, Cilly fellow! and fawn'd at my fit,
As if to say, Watty, we munnet part yet!
At Carel I stuid wi' a l'rea i' my mouth, *
And they tuik me, nae doubt, for a promisin youth.

The weyves com roun me in clusters: 'What weage dus
te ax, canny lad?' says yen: 'Wey, three pän and a crown;
wunnet beate a hair o' my beard.'—'What can te dui?' says
anudder: 'Dui! wey I can plough, sow, mow, shere, thresh,
dike, milk, kurn, muck a byre, sing a psalm, mend ear-gear,
dance a whorndipe, nick a naig's tail, hunt a brock, or fecht
iver a yen o' my weight in aw Croglin parish.'

An auld bearded huffey fuin caw'd me her man;
But that day, I may say't, aw my sorrows began.

* In Cumberland husbandry servants, on hiring days, stand
in the market-place with a sprig or straw in their mouth.

Furst, Cwoley, peer fellow! they hang'd i' the street,
 And skinn'd gude forgi'e them! for shoon to their feet.
 I cry'd, and they caw'd me peer hawf-witted clown,
 And banter'd and follow'd me aw up and down:
 Neist my deame she e'en starv'd me that niver liv'd weel;
 Her hard words and luiks would ha'e freeten'd the deil.

She had a lang beard, for aw t' war! like a billy-goat, wi'
 a kiln-dried frothy feace; and then the smawest leg o' mutton
 in aw Carel market sarred the cat, me, and her for a week.
 The bairns meade sic gam on us, and thunder'd at the rapper,
 as if to waken a corp; when I opened the duir, they threw
 flour i' my een, and caw'd me Daft Watty;

Sae I pack'd up my duds when my quarter was out,
 And, wi' weage i' my pocket, I saunter'd about.

And wi' fifteen wheyte shillings they slipp'd clean
 away,

Forby my twee letters frae Mudder and Nan,
 Where they said Carel lassies wad Watty trepan;

But 'twould tek a lang day just to tell what I saw,
 How I'fcep'd frae the gallows, the fowdgers, and aw.

Ay, there were some forgery chaps bad me just sign my
 neame. 'Nay,' says I, 'you've gotten a wrang pig by the
 lug, for I canno write.' Then a fellow like a lobster, aw
 leac'd and feather'd, ax'd me, 'Watty, wull te list? thou's
 owther to be a general or a gomoral.'—'Nay, I wunnet—
 that's plain; I's content wi' a cwoat o' mudders spinnin.'

Now, wi' twee groats and tuppence, I'll e'en toddle
 heame,

But ne'er be a fowdger wheyle Watty's my neame.

How my mudder ill gowl, and my fadder ill flare,
 When I tell them poor Cwoley they'll never see mair :
 Then they'll bring me a stuil;—as for Nan, she'll be fain
 When I kiss her, God blefs her, agean and agean !
 The barn and the byre, and the auld hollow tree,
 Will just seem like cronies yen's fidging to see.

The sheep ill nit ken Watty's voice now ! The peat-stack
 we us'd to lake roun ill be burnt ere this ! As for Nan, she'll
 be owther married or broken hearted : but sud au be weel
 at Croglin, we'll hae feastin', fiddlin', dancin', drinkin', sing-
 in', and smuikin' ; 'aye till aw's blue about us :

Amang aw our neybors sic wonders I'll tell,
 But niver mair leave my auld friends or the Fell.

II WAS the boy for bewitching 'em,
 Whether good-humour'd or coy ;
 All cried, when I was beseeching 'em,
 "Do what you will with me, joy."
 "Daughters, be cautious and steady,"
 Mothers would cry out for fear ;
 "Won't you take care now of Teddy ?
 "Oh, he is the devil, my dear !"

For I was the boy for bewitching 'em,
 Whether good-humour'd or coy ;
 All cried, when I was beseeching 'em,
 "Do what you will with me, joy."

From ev'ry quarter I gather'd 'em,
 Very few rivals had I;
 If I found any, I leather'd 'em,
 That made 'em plaguily shy.
 Pat Moony my sheelah once meeting,
 I twig'd him beginning his clack:
 Says he, "At my heart I've a beating,"
 Says I, "Then take one at your back."
 For I was the boy, &c.

Many a lass that would fly away,
 When other wooers but spoke,
 Once if I look'd her the die-away,
 There was no matter how cruel,
 Hundreds of lads though they'd cross'd,
 When I came nigh to them, jewel,
 Melted like mud in a frost.
 For I was the boy, &c.

Mary once had Lovers two.

MARY once had lover's two,
 Whining, pining, sighing:
 "Ah!" cries one, "what shall I do!"
 Mary dear, I'm dying!"
 T'other vow'd him just the same;
 Dead in grief's vagary:
 But sighs could never raise a flame
 In the heart of Mary.

A youth there came, all blithe and gay,
 Merry, laughing, singing,
 Sporting, courting, all the day,
 And set the bells a ringing.
 Soon he tript it off to church,
 Lightly, gay, and airy;
 Leaving t'others in the lurch,
 Sighing—after Mary.

The little Farthing Rush-Light.

SIR Solomon Simons, when he did wed,
 Blush'd black as a crow, his fair lady did blush light,
 The clock struck twelve, the night both tucked in bed,
 In the chimney a rush-light,
 A little farthing rush-light,
 Fal lal lal la,
 A little farthing rush-light.

Sir Solomon gave to his lady a nudge,
 Cries he, Lady Simons, there's vastly too much
 light;
 Then, Sir Solomon, says she, to get up you can't
 grudge,
 And blow out the rush-light,
 The little farthing rush-light,
 Fal lal lal la,
 The little farthing rush-light.

Sir Solomon then out of bed pops his toes,
 And vastly he swore, and very much did curse light;
 And then to the chimney Sir Solomon he goes,
 And he puff'd at the rush-light,

The little farthing rush-light,

Fal-lal-lal-lal,

The little farthing rush-light.

Lady Simons got up, in her night-cap so near,
And over the carpet my lady did brush light,
And there Sir Solomon she found in a heat,

Puffing at the rush-light;

'Then she puff'd at the rush-light:

But neither of them both

Could blow out the rush-light.

Sir Solomon and Lady, their breath quite gone,

Rang the bells in a rage, determined to crush light,

Half-a-sleep in his shirt then up came John,

And he puff'd at the rush-light,

The little farthing rush-light;

But neither of the three

Could blow out the rush-light.

Cook, coachee, men and maids, very near all in buff,

Came and swore, in their lives that they never met

with such light;

And each of the family, by turns, had a puff

At the little farthing rush-light,

The curst farthing rush-light;

But none of the family *

Could blow out the rush-light.

The watchman, at last, went by crying—One,

Here watchmens come up, than you might on
vorse light—

Then up came the watchman—the business was done—

For he turn'd down the rush-light;

The little farthing rush-light,

Fal-lal-lal-lal,

So he put out the rush-light.

* The above family were all wry-mouth'd.

Paddy O'Leary.

A DOWN a dark alley I courted a maid,
 Miss Judy M'Snifter, who wash'd for a trade
 Och, Cupid led me a figary.
 Her toes they turn'd in, and her back it grew out,
 And her eyes look'd so melting across her long snout,
 They bother'd poor Paddy O'Leary.
 Mr. Leary, Paddy Leary, och finiloo.
 Fol, de rol, de rol.

Miss Judy M'Snifter was brandy, 'tis true,
 Her mouth very wide, and her nose rather blue ;
 She put me in such a quandary.
 Says she, 'I could love you the whole of my life,
 But they say, that in Ireland you've left your old wife.'
 'Don't believe it,' said Paddy O'Leary.
 Mr. Leary, &c.

So a bargain we made soon at church to say grace,
 Which I seal'd with a kiss on her sweet yellow face,
 But I soon did repent my figary.
 When we had been married a year and a day,
 With a dirty coal-heaver my wife ran away !
 'Devil speed you!' said Paddy O'Leary.
 Mr. Leary, &c.

Crim. Con. we all know is the rage in this town,
 So for damages I thought to make him come down,
 But the law it was devilish contrary ;
 For all that they gave, when much blarney'd been said
 For planting a pair of big horns on my head,
 Was five shillings to Paddy O'Leary.
 Mr. Leary, &c.

FINIS.